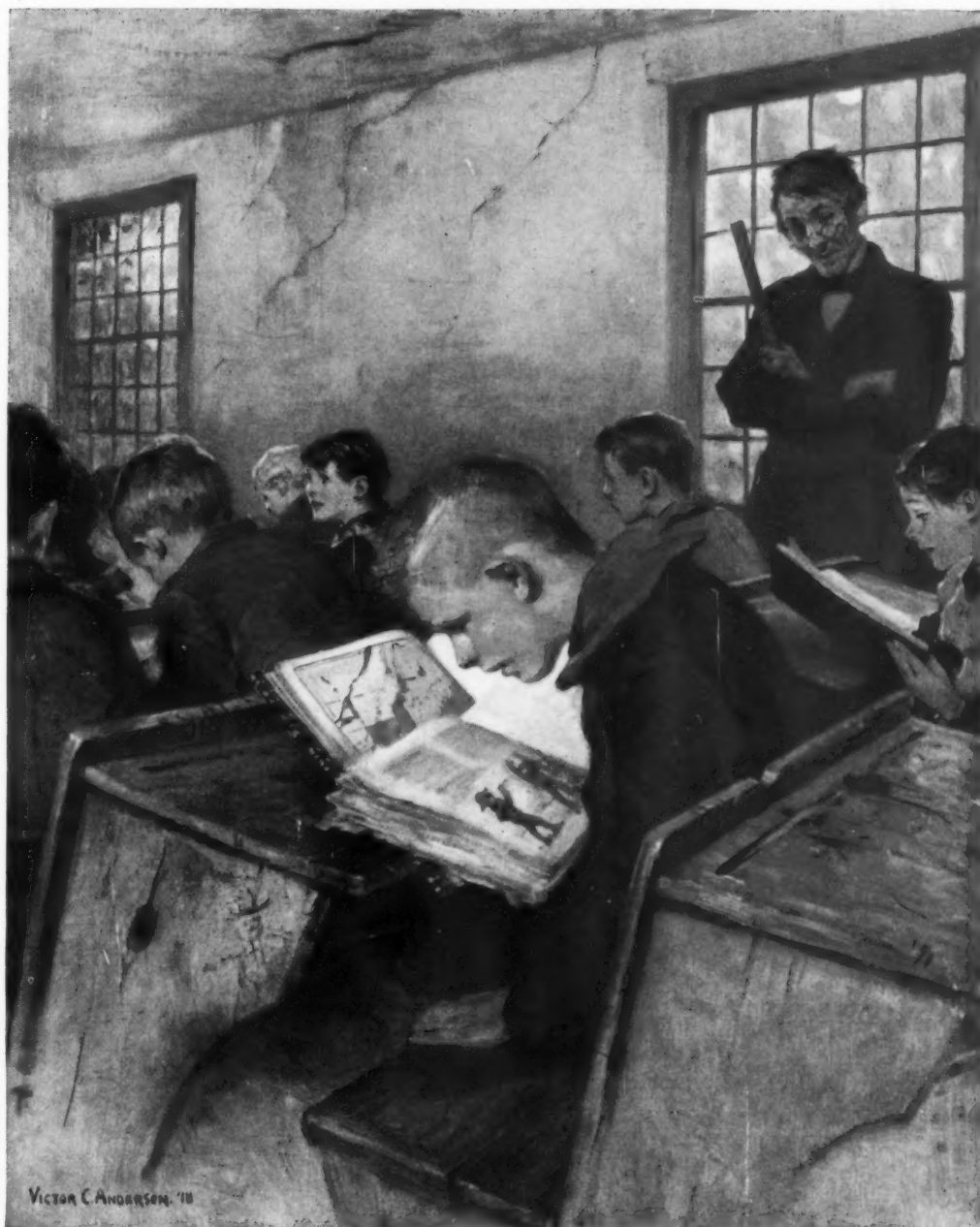


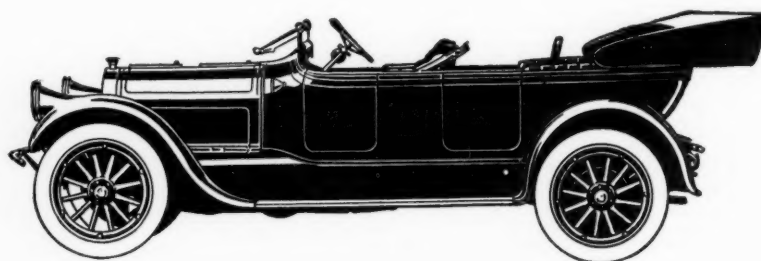
# Life

PRICE 10 CENTS  
Vol. 72, No. 1872. September 12, 1918  
Copyright, 1918, Life Publishing Company

NOTICE TO READER  
*When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.*  
NO WRAPPING NO ADDRESS



BETTER THAN GEOGRAPHY



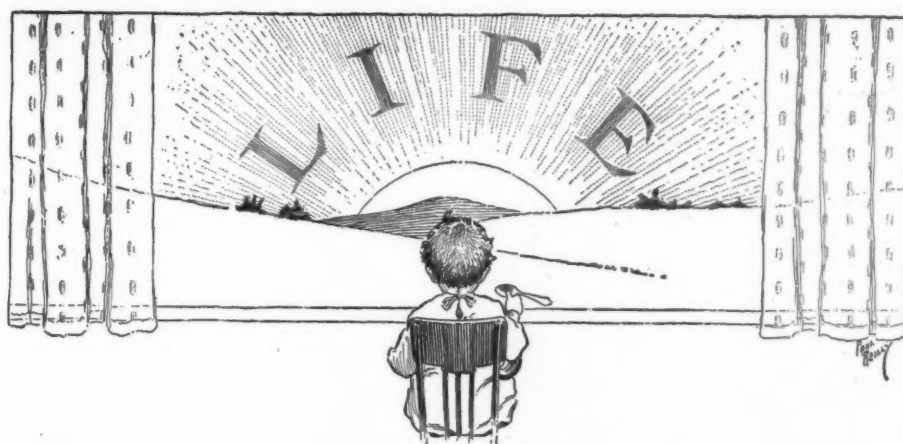
This Pierce-Arrow Touring Car seats comfortably five or seven passengers including the driver. It is 6-cylinder, 48 horsepower and 142 inches wheel-base. There is a passage between the two front seats, and the auxiliary seats are the disappearing kind.

# Pierce-Arrow

The initial service rendered by a Pierce-Arrow Car is great; the upkeep low as measured by the service rendered, and the service long. It is the car of ultimate economy.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.



## Washington Correspondence

(At great expense LIFE has secured the celebrated writer, Gabriel Samuelson, who will hereafter conduct our Washington correspondence)

By Gabriel Samuelson

**W**ASHINGTON, Sept. 17, 1918.—I went up to the military headquarters to-day and had a long conversation with Peyton March, chief of the staff. He is a fine chap, March. He gave his weekly talk to newspaper men this week without consulting me, but has agreed never to do it again. Of course, the war cannot be won if these generals are to depend upon their exclusive ideas. In the afternoon I was closeted with McAdoo, and

we went over the whole situation. He was waiting to see me before he interviewed the President. I told McAdoo frankly that he was doing too much, and offered to give up my vacation and relieve him of the railroads temporarily until he could get back to form. He promised to think this over and let me know. Later I visited Champ Clark, and made arrangements with him to have my stuff reprinted as a supplement to the *Congressional Record*, which certainly needs brightening up. The new Revenue bill is causing me great anxiety. Kitchin thinks there ought to be a tax on congressional toothpicks, but I think otherwise. I pointed out to him, I think with some effect, that our congressmen must not be deprived of one of their most important luxuries. Above all, the morale here in Washington must be preserved.



Germania: IT SEEMS ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO GET A DIFFERENT CHAUFFEUR



"IF YOU KEEP A THING FOR SEVEN YEARS YOU WILL FIND USE FOR IT."  
 "I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I'VE HAD HIM LONGER THAN THAT."

### LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1917, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty-one years. In that time it has expended \$168,071.31 and has given a fortnight in the country to 39,193 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$10,180.97
Proceeds of a play given at Hewitt Lake by nine Farmington girls..	50.00
A Friend .....	1.00
Helen Boynton, Leona Hamden, Elizabeth Gray Miller, Eleanor Jerotte and Alwine Moore.....	26.75
E. P. A. ....	5.00
John Harris Gutterson.....	10.00
Charles, Mary and Tomboy.....	12.00
In memory of Nellie McGordon Davis .....	25.00
Employees of First State Bank, Vinita, Okla. ....	10.00
N. Thayer Montague.....	2.50
Susie Williams .....	2.00
Anderson Lumber Co.....	10.00
George M. Brimicombe .....	5.00
R. L. Kittrelle .....	5.00
Mrs. W. L. Strong.....	7.00
Mrs. James Barber .....	15.00
Mrs. F. H. Morley.....	7.00
Mrs. I. G. Richards.....	7.00
Jefferson Clinic of the Society for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis .....	25.00
"Bay City, Mich." .....	10.00
B. de Guichard .....	10.00

Mrs. G. C. Thomson.....	5.00
Frances Burrall Henry.....	5.00
No Name .....	14.00
In memory of E. P. F.....	7.00
E. L. Starling, Jr.....	1.00
Cash .....	21.00
Mrs. R. T. Sheldon.....	7.00
J. H. Small .....	7.00
Mrs. E. Kent Hubbard.....	10.00
"In memory of Phil".....	5.00
Mrs. C. J. Winton.....	10.00
Mrs. F. P. Wilcox.....	25.00
Mrs. H. Cadwalader .....	5.00
J. McC. C. ....	25.00
J. S. Hobson.....	26.00
R. F. MacLeod .....	5.00
Mrs. Gordon Stratley, Jr.....	25.00
Mrs. A. C. Stamm.....	10.00
Mr. Griggs' Sunday-School Boys..	8.22
C. P. Southall .....	5.00
Miss Sue Railey.....	5.00
A Friend .....	5.00
Anonymous .....	7.00

\$10,669.44

#### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Package of shoes from Master Ned Kurwelton, Haverford, Pa.  
 Package of children's clothing from T. W. Moore, Huntington, W. Va.  
 Donations of vegetables from the following: John E. Snyder, Branchville, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Burdett, Branchville, Conn.; Mr. Burr Sanford, Redding, Conn.  
 Twenty-two children's scrap-books (on linen paper) from The Koinonia Society of Crombie Street Church, Grace E. Hood, Salem, Mass.

### Fire at LIFE'S Farm

IT was a fortunately prophetic instinct which made LIFE recently reduce the number of children being sent to LIFE's Fresh Air Farm at Branchville. In the years that the old buildings have been used to more than their capacity the vigilance of Mr. and Mrs. Mohr and the caretakers has guarded successfully against what might have been a great catastrophe.

On the night of August 19th one of the buildings which, in crowded times, has been used as a dormitory caught, or was set, on fire and was completely destroyed. Fortunately no children were sleeping there.

This year's work at the Farm is now finished. Before next year's work begins LIFE will make sure that the children shall be properly safeguarded, perhaps by reducing still further the number sent to Branchville and by finding room for the full complement in some other quarters.

In the meantime it may be possible to induce the trustees of the bequest of the late Mr. Gilbert to loosen their grip on the accumulated income in their hands, now amounting to twenty or thirty thousand dollars. Only a part of this money, withheld from the purpose for which the charitable donor intended it, would erect a fireproof dormitory. Then it would be possible for LIFE to send the full number of poor children to Branchville with the knowledge that they would be in sanitary surroundings and their little lives not exposed to the peril of fire.

The great work of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund will go on next year. LIFE is about to submit to the trustees of the Gilbert bequest plans for a simple but fireproof dormitory which will safely house all the children. In the case of acceptance by the trustees the whole work will go on at Branchville. Otherwise LIFE will find somewhere a safe place where the greater number of the children can find health and happiness and an escape from the crowded city in torrid weather.

"WELL, well!" exclaimed Horton, glancing up from his paper. "They have caught the cleverest hotel robber in the country!"

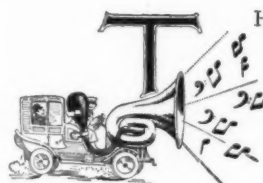
"Indeed!" said Haynes. "Which hotel did he keep?"





"BRACE UP, OLD FELLOW. YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF HUG LEFT IN YOU"

### Ballade of Summer Callers



THE flower gardens never looked so gay;  
I seem to find each border strangely neat.  
I like to watch the little fountain play,  
And let the spiders amble down my feet,  
I am the owner of this country seat,  
And all this realm is subject to my sway,  
Yet people will not learn to be discreet—  
I hope no callers choose to come to-day.

My Sunday flannel suit is laid away;  
The cook forgot to order extra meat.  
I meant to have some grape-juice on a tray,  
But all the ice has vanished in the heat.  
I fear there are no cookies left to eat,  
Yet here I lie in easy negligee,  
For sloth is good and idleness is sweet—  
I hope no callers choose to come to-day.

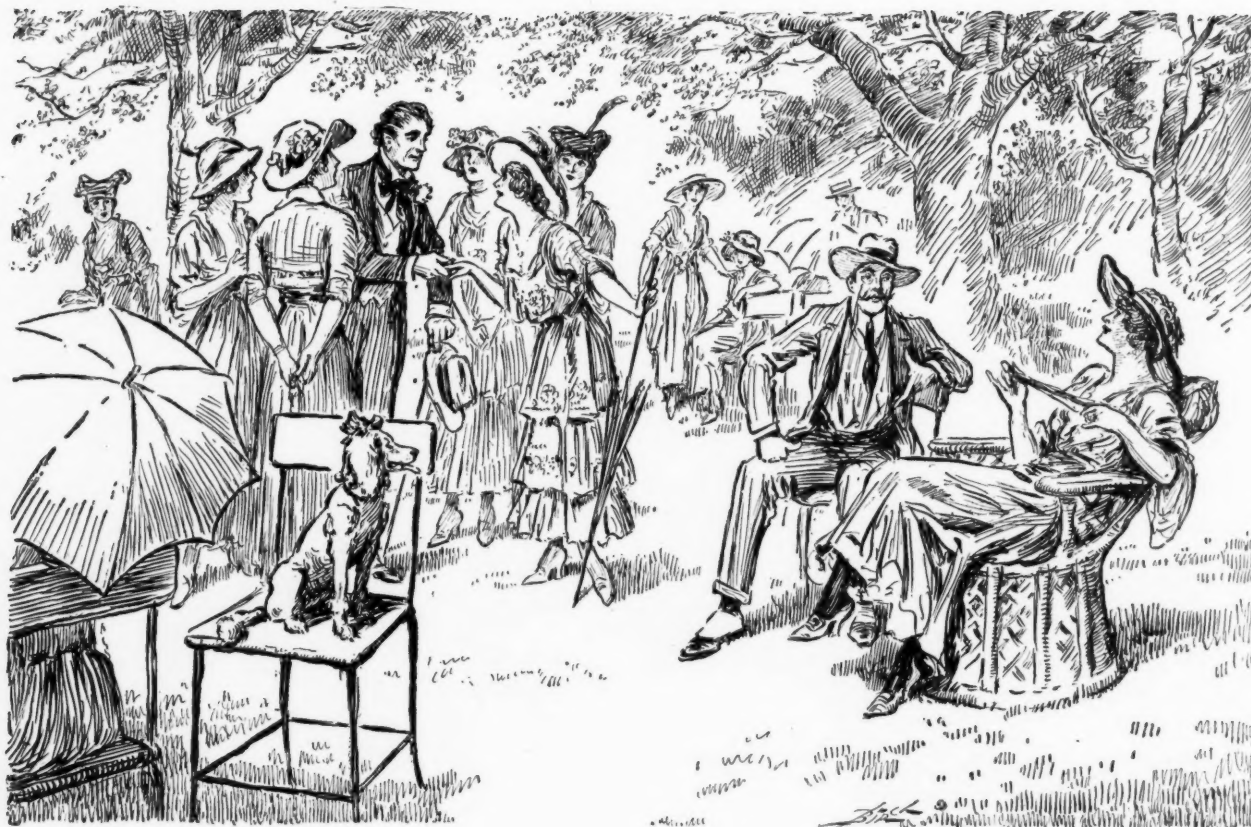
I loathe the auto-callers, those that say:  
"Your shrubs are rather small. It is a treat  
To see you folks—we happened by this way—  
Is that a lawn or have you planted wheat?"  
And so they bump around the place, and bleat  
Of Cousin Ella's farm at Beaver Bay,  
Until my misery is quite complete—  
I hope no callers choose to come to-day.

#### L'Envoi

Friends, when all other prayers are obsolete,  
And I have heard the last trump's *reveillé*,  
I have no doubt but I shall still repeat:  
"I hope no callers choose to come to-day."

**HOBSON:** Do you think it is a good time to sell my house?

**AGENT:** Well, it may not be a good time, but I advise you to sell it. The Boy Scouts of the neighborhood are just getting up a jazz band.



"DOES BAMBERSON ATTEND HIS CLUB AS REGULARLY AS HE USED TO?"

"OH, YES, EXCEPT FOR A SHORT PERIOD NOW AND THEN WHEN HE GETS MARRIED."

## Hints on Poverty

By a Householder

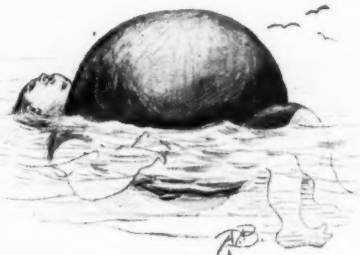


MY wife hailed me this morning as she was going out on another War Stamp drive. I must say she was most encouraging, and I get a great deal of comfort out of her cheering words. "Remember, my dear," she said, "that this war is being won in the home. When you make up my bed see that to-night I have a hard pillow. I lost over an hour's sleep last night from the soft one you furnished. All these details count. Keep on the job. Hold fast." Wonderful woman! She thinks of everything. . . . My business training helps me a lot. This morning I rigged up a wire cage for the baby in the back yard. My first thought was to put him on a trolley,

but this latter plan is much finer. He has quite a little runway, and while I am doing the housework I can keep him fairly well surveyed from the upper windows. . . . Spent last evening very pleasantly in making myself a pair of trousers out of an old skirt of my wife's I found in the attic; also in going over some of her papers, and was amazed to learn what she is doing—Red Cross, National League for Woman's Service, Woman's Defense Committee, canteen, driver of an ambulance—these are only a few. Although my duties are more humble, it made me proud to think I was helping her. In this war personalities must be eliminated. Thank God, my morale keeps up just as well on cheese as it did on meat! Last night I stole a chicken belonging to a pro-German in the next street. I made some broth for the baby, and we had a gorge. I advanced upon his front-line trenches at mid-

night without firing a single gun, and took the enemy completely by surprise. Hung out an extra flag this morning to celebrate.

SECRETARY Josephus Daniels, by his recent order limiting the social privileges of naval officers even in the homes of their friends, has succeeded in making the song of the navy, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."



THE ROUND-UP



"ACH! IT ISS OUR PAPA, SO GLAD TO GET HOME YET."  
"LOOK OUDT! I GOT NO TIME! DER AMERIGUNS ISS FEHIND!"





THAT CLEVER MARCONI YOUNGSTER



IGNACE

## HISTORIC BOYS

*Limérique Franco-Américaine*

QUOTH General Ferdinand Foch,  
As he heard the faint chime of la cloche,  
Mon dieu! It's high time,  
C'est moment sublime,  
To strike le detestable Boche!

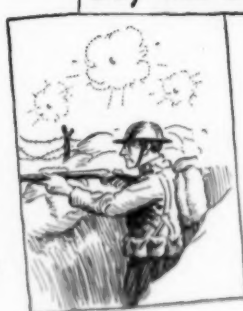
Je coupe le sale Boche sur le flank,  
Son derrière je donne le spank,  
Et purchase to-day  
Un passage (one way)  
To hell pour le Boche, file and rank.

W. B. G.

## Buy War Savings Stamps.



BEFORE YOU SPEND THIS  
FOOLISHLY—



THINK OF THIS—



AND THIS—



AND THIS



# Exceptional

(A Possibility)



OFFICE of the Chief  
Director of Public  
Suppression.

PERSONS: The Director.  
His Assistant.

TIME: Near future?

ASSISTANT: Good morn-  
ing, sire. Pardon, you are late.

DIRECTOR: Well, well, what's  
to be done?

ASSISTANT: There's a mass of  
material waiting to be released.  
The newspapers will all be late  
to-day—very late.

DIRECTOR: Teach 'em a lesson!  
Have you read over this wire news?

ASSISTANT: As much as I had  
time to.

DIRECTOR: Anything interesting?

(The telephone rings. The Assistant,  
calling hastily to several stenographers,  
proceeds to transmit the news items he  
receives. This process lasts some time.  
At its conclusion the conversation is  
renewed.)

ASSISTANT: It might be well, sire,  
for you to pass on this stuff. They  
want to know something fairly ap-  
proximating the truth, and now the  
only thing that comes out regularly is  
our Official Bulletin—and, of course,  
the Hearst papers.

DIRECTOR: Never forget the Hearst  
papers. Look here! Don't you make  
any suggestions to me. I know my  
business. These poor fools of the press  
may as well understand, once for all,  
that the time has gone by when they  
can indulge in any individual expres-  
sion of opinion. You have notified  
them, I presume, that hereafter all  
editorials will be suppressed?

ASSISTANT: Yes, sire.

DIRECTOR: Except Mr. Hearst's.

ASSISTANT: Oh, yes! Always ex-  
cepting Mr. Hearst's.

DIRECTOR (settling down): Well,  
now, let me run over this news and  
see what's fit to print. (Leisurely  
lights a cigar. Enter a messenger.)

ASSISTANT: Where are you from?

MESSANGER (salaaming, in accord-  
ance with the new military instructions  
that all publishers, printers, editors,  
journalists and printers' devils shall  
show homage to the Director and his  
staff): Your honor, I bear a petition

from the newspapers and periodicals  
of America.

ASSISTANT (snatching it away from  
him and reading its contents rapidly):  
Sire!

DIRECTOR (still absorbed in account  
of a prize fight): Well?

ASSISTANT: Here is a petition from  
the Press of the Country. They are  
already coming out a day late, and im-  
plore you to release to-day's material  
at once; otherwise there will be no  
newspapers at all to-morrow—except,  
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DIRECTOR: Ha! That's the idea is  
it? Well, I'll whisper a secret.

ASSISTANT: What secret, sire?

DIRECTOR (cheerfully): I was late  
this morning on purpose.

"On purpose!"

"Yes. Let the presses of the coun-  
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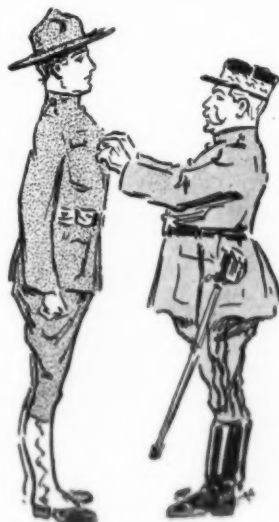


VERY LARGE FOR HIS AGE

"I'VE been reading all the war books."

"What for?"

"Well, I wanted to get away from  
the reality of it."



— A WALKER —



OVER THERE AND OVER HERE  
WHILE SOME AMERICANS ARE HONORED  
WITH THE CROIX DE GUERRE,  
OTHER "AMERICANS" ARE RECEIVING THE  
IRON CROSS



THAT CLEVER MARCONI YOUNGSTER



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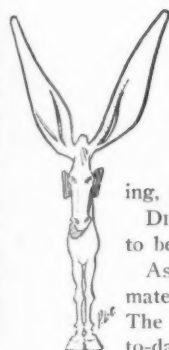
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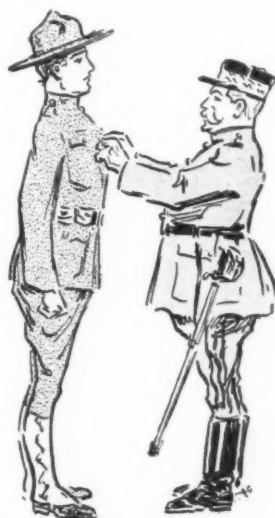


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A. WALKER -

OVER THERE

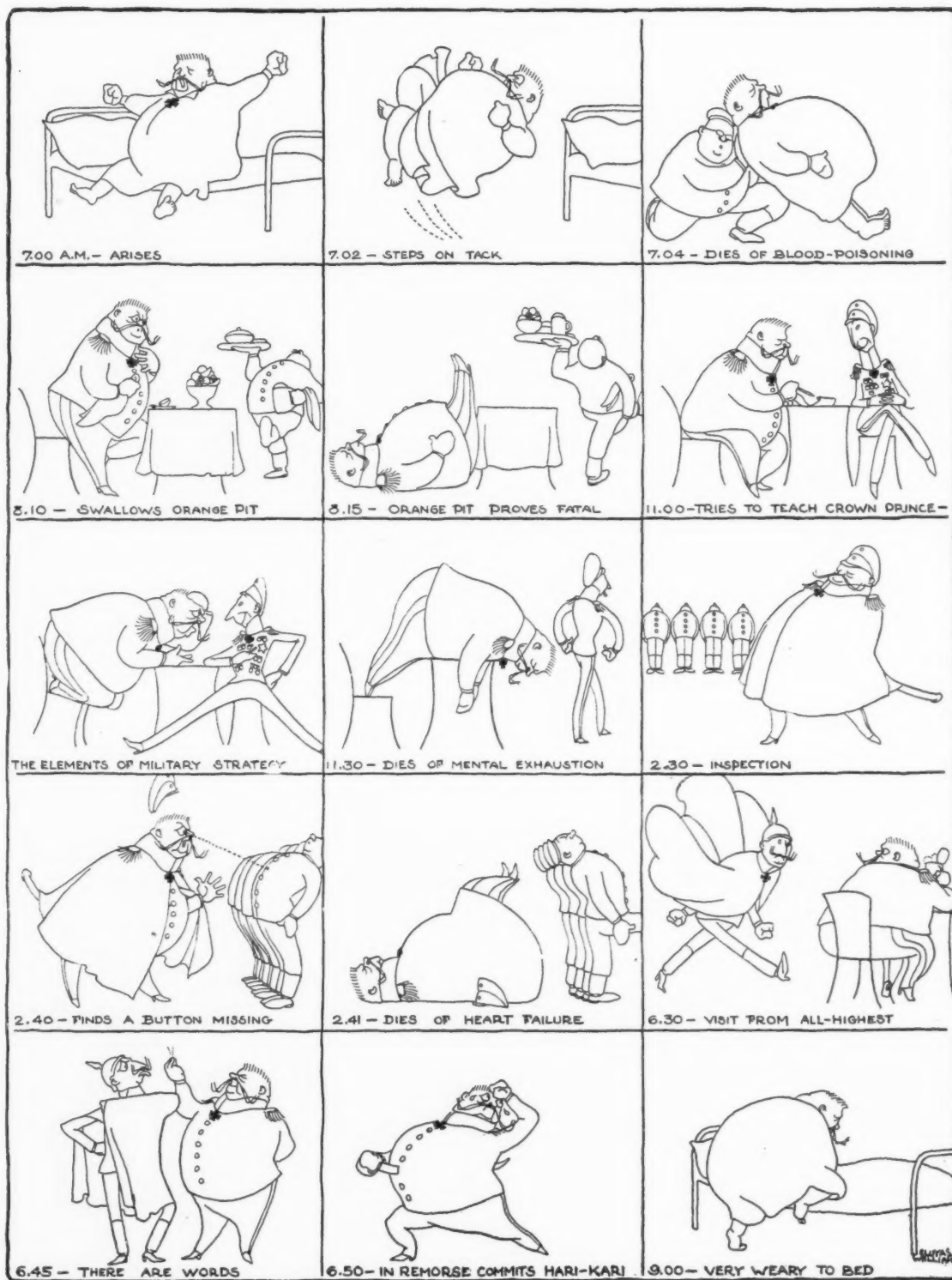
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AND

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HINDENBURG'S DAY  
ACCORDING TO THE PRESS REPORTS





OPENING OF THE COON HOLLOW DISTRICT SCHOOL  
Teacher: DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE THE BOOKS ARE?

### Attention, All Smiths!

**A**RE the Cohens outrunning the Smiths? While, taking the country as a whole, there has been a healthy increase in the number of Smiths, it appears, from the city directories, that the Cohens are beginning to forge ahead. The Smiths must get busy. Their future existence is threatened. It is true that, so far as mere prominence is concerned, a Smith has been running in the primaries for governor of New York, but almost at the same time he was nominated sixteen Cohens were drowned in one day at Coney Island, and it didn't make a ripple. The Cohens are coming on so fast that sixteen of them are not even missed. We know what the Australian rabbit did to Australia. If the Cohens get a firm grip on this continent, what will they do to the United States? The Smiths have a great responsibility.

When the country first started there was only one Smith and no Cohens. Now the Cohens are forging ahead of the Smiths, and will soon have them backed off the map, unless the Smiths realize what they are up against.

What's the use of war if the winning of it means only that the world is to be made safe for the Cohens?

**A** PERMANENT wave—The Stars and Stripes.

### Conclusive

**W**HAT makes you think this measure is unconstitutional?"

"Well, I have submitted it to four lawyers, and they are unanimous that it's constitutional."



"WHY DON'T YE STAND UP, FATHER? DON'T YE HEAR ME PLAYIN' 'THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER'?"



SEPTEMBER 12, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 72  
No. 1872Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



WE are certainly an obedient people. City streets and parkways and country

roads bare of motor cars on September 1st—a bright Sunday—gave remarkable evidence of that. There was no law forbidding people to use gasoline on Sunday; merely notice of the need to save it for the war, and an expression by the fuel administrator of the government's wish that pleasure-riding on Sunday should be discontinued for the present. Forthwith the usual stream of cars dried up in the highways. No German *Verboten* could have been more effectual than Dr. Garfield's appeal to public sense and patriotism. It is not a small matter to give up Sunday motor-rides, which have come to be for many people in summer the chief recreation of the week. Nevertheless the papers report that hereabouts motor-traffic fell off ninety per cent. If there is anyone left who doubts that the United States is interested in the war, he will please take notice.

But there cannot be anyone left in this country, or any country of the Allies, who harbors any such doubt, and even in Germany they must be getting scarce. Unless our papers fib the Germans are worried; those who are best informed being most worried. For unless our papers fib the Allied troops on the Western front can now get what they go after in spite of any remonstrance the Germans are able to put up. Of course they cannot go to Berlin yet, but any reasonable acquisition that Marshal Foch develops a craving for,

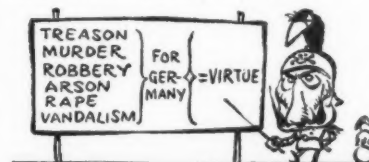
he seems able to obtain. And he develops a new craving every day, and sometimes the French go after the object of it, sometimes the British, sometimes our good lads; and none of them takes no for an answer.

It is very encouraging to us at home to read of these daily acquisitions, and of course we wonder how far it can go, and of course we are warned not to let our expectations get too large, and faithfully we tuck them in over night, but next morning's papers swell them all out again, and that has gone on until now some of the experts admit that there is a possibility of something like a decision this fall.



AND there may be something like a decision this fall; and yet a real decision that would yield a satisfactory peace does not yet seem likely to come this year. Try to get someone to bet that the war will end this year. You will have to give very long odds. For it is still a big job to lick Germany sufficiently to get a good peace out of her, and probably it will take more than the three months and a half that are left of this year. But the Reichstag meets in November, and then put your ear to the ground and listen. When the war goes well for Germans the Reichstag isn't much—just an organization that votes money and does what it must. But if the war goes ill enough for Germany, it may become the mouthpiece of the German people. But

the war is going ill for Germany now. Watch out, then, if it keeps on going so, for what the emboldened Reichstag may find to say a couple of months from now to the people who got Germany into the war. It won't be decisive: Reichstag talk is never decisive; but it is likely to be interesting for the Germans who hate Prussia, but were willing to share the swag with her if she won the war. She is losing the war hand over fist, and they have lost not only the war, and the swag and their children and their money and their trade, but their characters. Prussia has ruined them body and soul. What will they say to her?



THE German Crown Prince has never been to other than German eyes a very exalted personage. As a warrior he is one of the best assets of the Allies. Besides that, he is one of the most egregious and contemptible German thieves. He is not personally worth any special punishment at the hands of the Allies, though there are Germans who may care to settle with him if they get a chance, but what is to become of all his loot? He is a collector of pictures and objects of art from French churches and chateaux. One reads about what has been packed up by his orders and sent home. His stealings don't matter vitally. *Things* don't matter vitally in this war, even though they are cathedrals. What matters is ideas; the ideas that must die in the war, and those that will be born of it and will survive it. It is that that is important. But the Crown Prince is useful in keeping in people's minds that the necessary peace with Germany must be of the sort that will make it possible for ministers of justice to go through that country with search warrants and recover stolen property. The job is going to be a big piece of police work: the rounding up of thieves and recovery of stolen goods of every description, from slices of Russia to church pictures by Rubens, and then a sentence to hard labor till the Germans have paid for what they did in Belgium and France.



SEIZE THEM AND BURN THEM, SAM. YOU'LL FIND SOMETHING

Perhaps even that prospect will be talked over in the Reichstag at the gabfest in November. It is a pretty solemn topic.



AMBASSADOR PAGE has done well by us in London for more than five years. He has also done as well as he could by Great Britain, which has been only a detail of doing well by us. He had a mind to quit a year and a half ago, but he'd on because the United States got into the war. Now he has resigned because, he says, he is tired out. If that is so, he is tired out in a great and good cause, in which he has spent himself lavishly and to first-rate purpose.

We wish he might have held out till the end of the war, and so, doubtless,

does the President, who will have the difficult duty to pick someone to replace him. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* recommends Mr. Samuel Untermyer, and that reminds one of lawyers, and naturally of Mr. Root. Mr. Root is a Republican, but he is a very distinguished American, and has supported the administration heartily in the war, and is in a way a representative of some millions of Republican voters and fighters who have done the same. He would realize admirably the old-time ideal of an ambassador to England, and when it came to peace-making he would be rated, by all before-the-war standards, as a handy man to sit in. He can do anything well he puts his mind to, and of course if he went to London for us he would do us great credit.

All the same, since the war began the conception of what is wanted in an American ambassador to London has undoubtedly changed a good deal. We

used to want a man who had an income of his own, and was light on his feet, and had winning ways and a gift of discourse and *never* ate with his knife. We wanted a man who would charm the top-layer of Great Britain—a top-layer that includes a large proportion of people very well worth charming—but acceptable to all the layers and qualified to better relations, already good, between Great Britain and the United States. We still want such a man, if he can be found, but most of all now, in the thick of a war to make democracy safe, we want an acceptable sample democrat. The top-layer of Great Britain, except as it means the brains and character of the British Empire, is less imposing than it was—less imposing to us, and also to the British. The prestige of the top-layer has diminished. The British people, by and large, have fought the war, and to them will go the new ambassador.



THE I. W. W.'s have long been the most impudent lot of males loose in the country. They had fairly definite ideas of what they wanted, and proposed to have it or destroy society, or both. The female militant suffragists have been of much the same sort. It is a sort that looks for trouble and glories in proportion to the amount it finds. The militants have never yet found a complete supply, but when about a hundred I. W. W.'s were convicted the other day of conspiracy to upset the war program, their aspirations as trouble-seekers were fairly well fulfilled. On August 30th Judge Landis served out sentences to them running from twenty years' imprisonment for Big Bill Haywood and fourteen others, down to ten days for two. Thirty-three got ten years, thirty-three got five years.

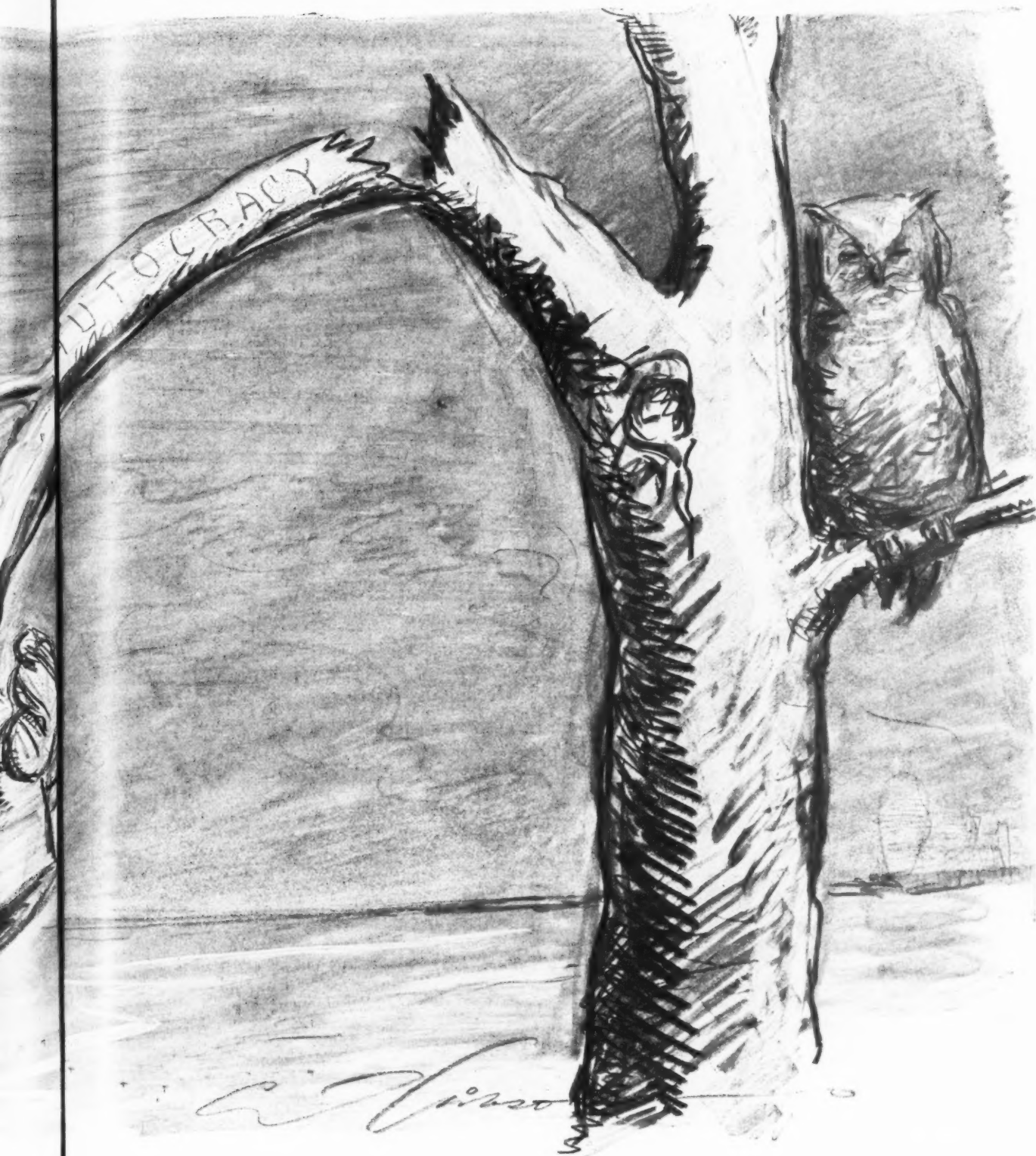
These sentences put the I. W. W. form of social recreation in an unfavorable light. Even in Russia, where it was able to seize the government and ruin the country, it is not very popular. The mass of the people in all countries dislike universal destruction, and that is what the I. W. W.'s and Bolsheviks are always heading for. The medicine they deal in is fatal.





“Rooye, E





"Rooye, Baby"

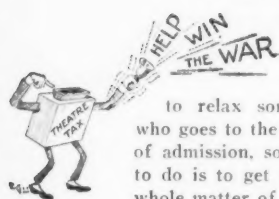


NEXT

"NO MORE OF THAT, MY BOY. IT'S TOO INTOXICATING"



### Advancing in Close Formation



WITH new theatres opening and old theatres reopening almost every evening, the mental strain on the Hon. Claude Kitchin, our congressional scientific tax-expert, ought to relax somewhat. Under his new schedule everyone who goes to the theatre will pay an increased tax on the price of admission, so that all Mr. Kitchin and his associates have to do is to get enough persons to go to the theatre, and the whole matter of keeping the government in funds will be quickly and easily settled. The theatre may not be an essential industry, but it lays quite a few golden eggs.



THE title of "Where Poppies Bloom" gave anticipation of a minor interest suggested by one of the most widely read war poems. Instead of being sad, it turned out to be a war melodrama with a strongly developed spy mystery. Taken from the French, Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue has carpentered it to fit American taste by the interjection of humorous characters and lines unquestionably inspired by deep inhalations of the atmosphere of Broadway near Forty-second street. The result is far from happy. Jokes about the completion of the

subway somehow do not quite fit into scenes in a ruined French château under aerial bombardment by the Germans. The original author, following the French model, uses the war simply as material to exploit the inevitable husband-wife-lover triangle, with the lover triumphant as usual, a particular zest being given to the complication by the fact that the husband is a German spy. In America the excuse is not valid, because the lady had shifted her affections before she knew of this fact.

Interest in the acting was enhanced by the casting of Marjorie Rambeau for the leading part. Not all the blame for her failure to gain new laurels can be put on the play, for she brought to the impersonation of the heroine only the most threadbare of melodramatic methods in bearing and declamation. In the cast Mr. Lewis Stone and Mr. de Cordoba were not happy selections for the German officer ostensibly French but a Hun under his skin and for the French officer who is more afflicted with sentimental melancholia than blessed with Gallic spirit.

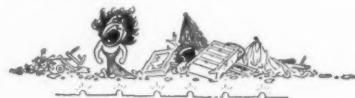
In material and performance "Where Poppies Bloom" seems more a forced concoction to meet a fancied demand for war plays than a consistent artistic effort. It will possibly soon move to the big warehouse building to stow the scenery of over-numerous war plays.



"THE WOMAN ON THE INDEX" is also melodrama, but very frankly so. The authors start the intrigue—a highly criminal one—with a prologue which, in the light of subsequent events, seems a non-essential luxury in these days of universal conservation. In the play proper the story is developed confusedly, in the desire to mystify, but with the distinct advantage that if the spectator concentrates sufficiently to follow it he will at least find that thoughts of the war or anything else have been completely driven from his mind. Distinguished mathematicians find the same pleasure in abstruse and perhaps equally useful problems in conic sections.

Julia Dean, as the heroine, finds herself quite at home in a brilliantly lurid rôle, and Mr. George Probert is lifted with considerable success from the depiction of degeneracy to a somewhat more virile bit of interpretation. Mr. Lonergan has no striking opportunities for his elocutionary ability, but, along with the rest of the cast, struggles bravely with the mysteries and their solution.

"The Woman on the Index" will please those who like their melodrama melodramatic, but will carry the sophisticated back to the joys of other days.



AWAY down in the programme of "Head Over Heels," below several score composers, librettists, staggers, producers and the delightfully selected Christian and family names of many hundreds of distinguished and celebrated chorus girls, one finally discovers the name of Mitzi, the star, and learns that she is impersonating Mitzi Rambinetti. Having accomplished this task, the curtain rises, and the amusement provided turns out to be a bright girl-and-music show with a slight tinge of novelty in plot, considerable fun and more than usually pleasant musical numbers. In it centres Mitzi with her gamine qualities, her acrobatics and her cooing voice. If their names on the programme in any way enabled one to distinguish one chorus girl from another it might also be possible to identify those who were more pretty and shapely

# LIFE

as against those who were not quite so much so.

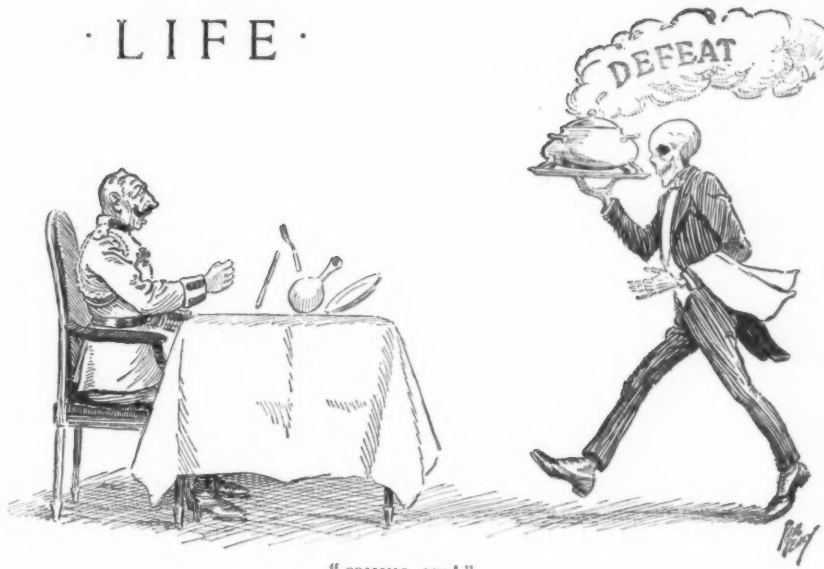
"Heads Over Heels" is done with the finish that marks Col. Savage's light musical productions, and is well calculated to loosen the tension on wrinkled foreheads.



THE fun in "Double Exposure" comes from shifting the astral bodies of two husbands of opposite types to their own mystification and to the greater puzzlement of their wives. The resulting situations are full of laughs, Mr. Hopwood keeping his development logical, once we grant his incredible premise. The delightful vitality of Janet Beecher opposed to the amusing torpidity of John Cumberland gives us one effective contrast, and the vivacity of Francine Larimore against the toploftiness of Mr. John Westley provides another. These qualities are rearranged and recombined to increase the sum total of mirth, with the result that "Double Exposure" may be recommended as an effective combatant against the common enemy called gloom.



TO transfer Penrod Schofield and his environment to the stage seemed almost an impossibility, considering the nature of Mr. Tarkington's stories and the difficulty of casting the characters. Mr. E. E. Rose has accomplished an effective dramatic threading, and Mr. Tyler has put it on the stage in a way which gains the high praise of not offending the imaginations of Penrod's countless admirers. The boys in the play are impersonated by boys, and not by under-developed men, as might have



seemed necessary to secure the acting ability. Penrod himself is fairly realized by Andrew Lawlor, who only occasionally lapses into the stiltedness of the coached boy actor, but the Sam Williams of Richard Ross is boy, and only boy, from start to finish. His acting in the cross-examination scene with Penrod's father is a piece of artistry calculated to rouse envy in the heart of many an adult comedian. Thomas McCann and Charles Whitfield, who in their natural make-up were the two colored boys, Herman and Verman, might have stepped bodily from Mr. Tarkington's pages.

Mr. Rose wisely confined himself to character-drawing and resisted the temptation to crowd the play with the many episodes ready to his hand. The adult plot does not obscure the boys and their doings, and these are the things which will gain for "Penrod," the play, a profitable career.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Keep Her Smiling." Diverting and well acted business comedy calculated to keep one's thoughts away from melancholy.

Belasco.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobble. Notice later.

Bijou.—"Double Exposure," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. See above.

Booth.—"Watch Your Neighbor," by Messrs. Gordon and Clemens. Notice later.

Broadhurst.—"He Didn't Want to Do It," by Messrs. Broadhurst and Hein. Tuneful and merry little musical play.

Casino.—"The Maid of the Mountain." Notice later.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. Notice later.

Century.—"Sinbad" with Mr. Al. Jolson as the leading comedian. Winter Garden

production of last year, about to go on tour and cheer up the t. b. men in the provinces.

Century Grove.—Midnight cabaret.

Cohan.—"Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern with Miltzi as the star. See above.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy play with the attention firmly held by a mystery cleverly unsolved until the very last minute.

Cort.—"Fiddlers Three," by Messrs. Duncan and Johnstone. Notice later.

Criterion.—Mr. Thomas A. Wise in "Mr. Barnum," by Messrs. Rhodes and Wise. Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. Ingeniously constructed war drama, cleverly acted by its cast of only two.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's

war movie, "Hearts of the World." Inspiring and veritable war scenes actually photographed and strung on a movie play.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Woman on the Index," by Lillian T. Bradley and Mr. George Broadhurst. See above.

Fulton.—"Over Here." Notice later.

Globe.—Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" put into play form by Mr. E. E. Rose. See above.

Harris.—"Why Worry?" by Messrs. Glass and Goodman, with Fannie Brice. The Potash and Perlmutter theme carried with less fun to exponents of the other sex.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." Not up to the standard of other Hippodrome shows.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies" with Messrs. Louis Mann and Sam Bernard. Dialect comedy drama with the dilemma of the German-born American interestingly exploited.

Knickerbocker.—"Someone in the House," by Messrs. Evans, Percival and Kaufman. Notice later.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Very diverting and tuneful musical play with aviation for its theme.

Longacre.—"The Blue Pearl," by Anne C. Flexner, with Mr. George Nash as the star. Crime drama with the interest in the mysterious theft well sustained.

Lyceum.—Closed.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Notice later.

Manhattan.—"Tiger Rose" transplanted from Broadway. Well staged melodrama with the scenes and characters of the Canadian Northwest.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Allegiance," by Amelie Rives and Pierre Troubetzkoy. Serious and interesting drama dealing with the war predicament of American citizens born in Germany.

Morosco.—"One of Us," by Messrs. Lait and Swerling. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"She Walked in Her Sleep," by Mr. Mark Swan. Light and moderately laughable farce.

Plymouth.—"A Very Good Young Man," by Mr. Martin Brown. The predicaments of a youth who can't be devilish even when he tries.

Princess.—"Jonathan Makes a Wish," by Mr. Stuart Walker. Notice later.

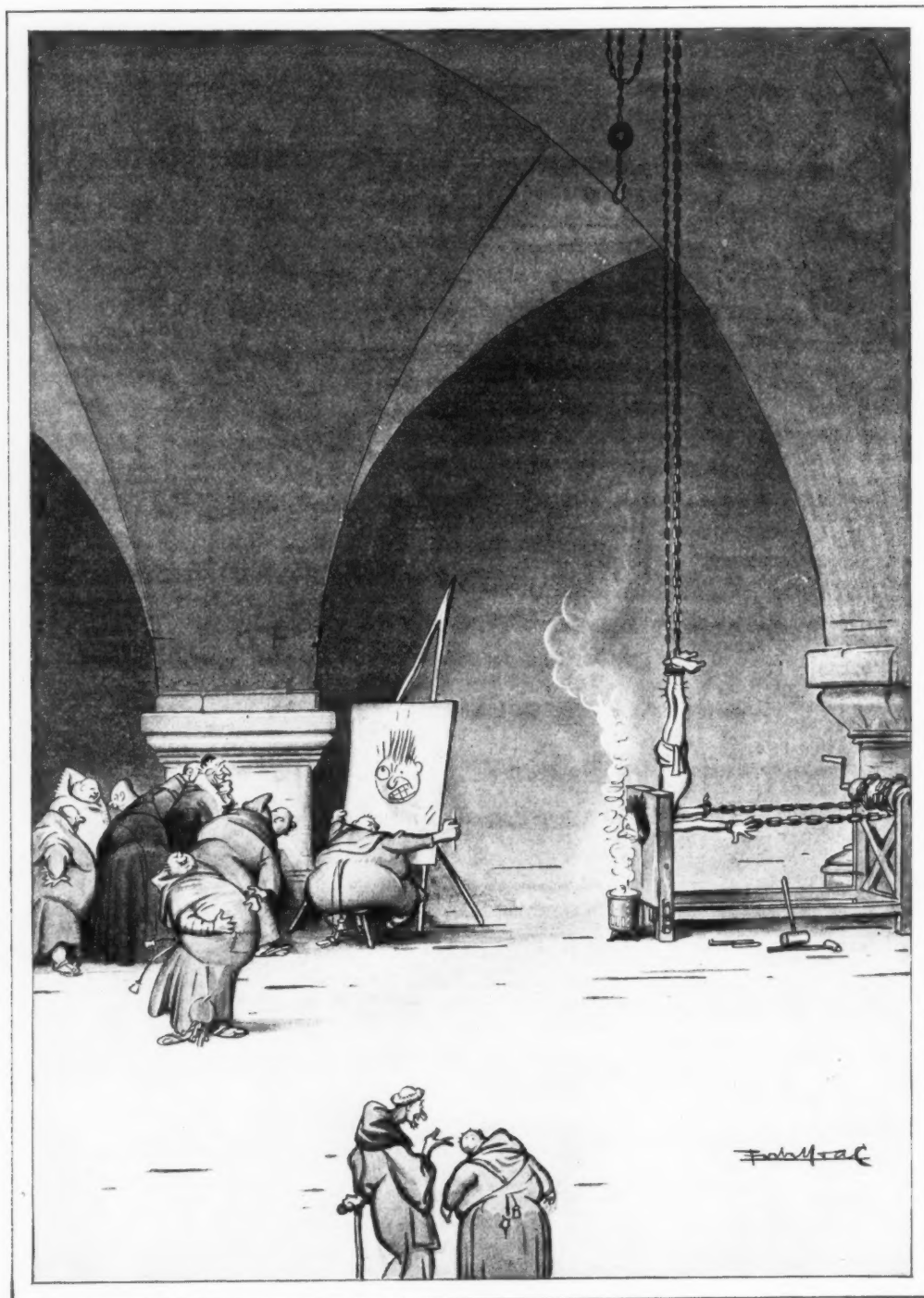
Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. See above.

Shubert.—San Carlo Opera Company in repertory. Notice later.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1918." Big and brilliant mixture of girls, costumes and music of the kind supposed to alleviate the miseries of the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight cabaret.





FRA IGNATIUS HAS A GOD-GIVEN GIFT FOR CARICATURE

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## The All-Highest Is Comforted



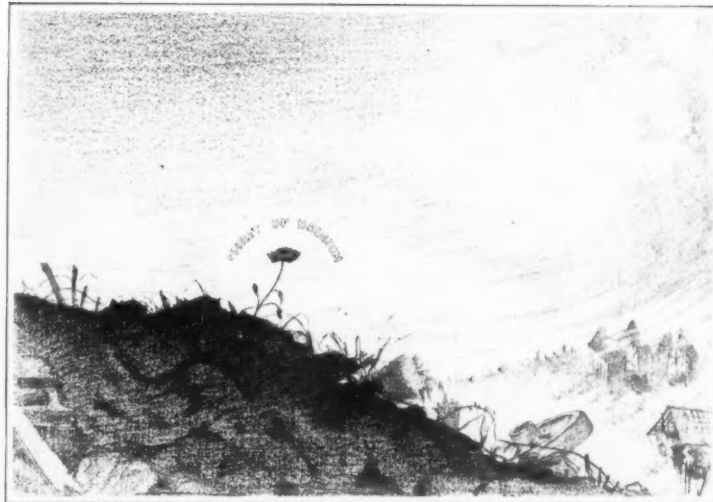
HE All-Highest was in a peevish mood. The Crown Prince, shifting his cigarette uneasily, was inclined to be resentful. But in the presence of Deity he had to be more or less respectful.

"Look here, F. W.," said the All-Highest, "your great victory at Verdun in 1915 was all very well, but it didn't win the war and make the world safe for permanent and glorious Rapine. And now your second great victory at this last battle of the Marne, my boy, still leaves much to be desired. You should have destroyed the British and French armies while you had the chance, instead of encouraging those purse-proud Americans."

"You don't understand, papa," replied Frederick, nonchalantly. "Of course, I would have destroyed the British and French armies, but how much more glory there will be to wait until the Americans come in force, and then, some morning, bright and early, to destroy all three together."

The All-Highest flushed with honest pride at his heir's great strategic conception.

"Himmel!" he exclaimed. "I never thought of that. My boy, as a military genius I salute you. Don't let Ludendorff or Hindenburg know this, or they will surely claim



THE IMMORTELLE

the credit. Tell me, when will the grand moment arrive?"

The Crown Prince plunged himself in deep German thought and lighted another cigarette, at the same time rearranging in his buttonhole the rose he had taken from a French grave. "Well, papa," he said at last, "the Americans will probably have an army of four hundred or five hundred men over here by next April. Say I wipe out all three armies by April 15th next. I'll put it down in my notebook."

"Ach, my Pride! We will be patient until then, Wonderful Boy!"

"Always remembering, papa," said F. W., "that those blunderers, Ludendorff and Hindenburg, be not allowed to interfere with my grand strategy."

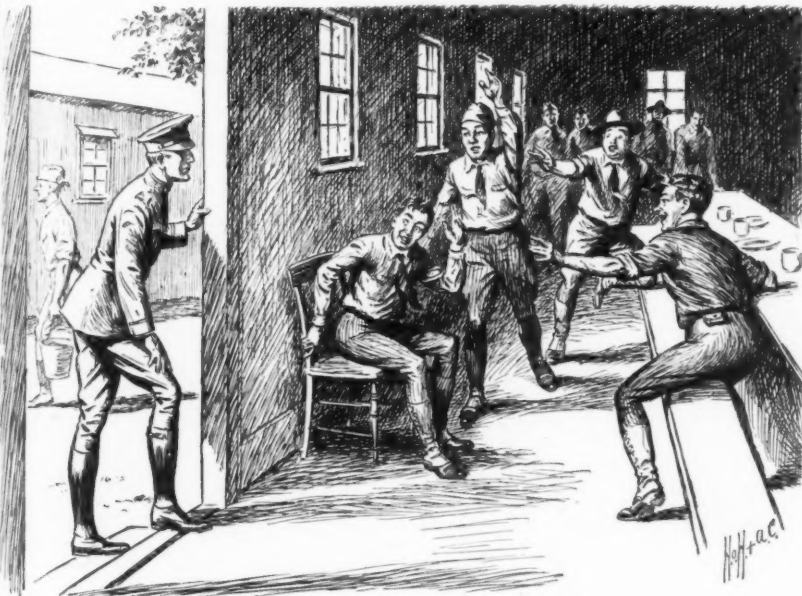
T. L. M.

## The Colonel on the War Path

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is out for the esteemed scalp of Mr. Henry Ford. And particularly does he think that Mr. Ford's son should feel it absolutely obligatory to go to the war. The announcement in the press that Mr. Ford's son has obtained exemption from military service makes Colonel Roosevelt feel that the proper place for Mr. Ford is "on the mourners' bench, and not at the council board of the nation."

"DO you think the laboring classes will eventually rule this country?"

"I hope so. The most intelligent and cultivated people in my community are laboring in their gardens, sending their boys to the front and doing their own housework."



Officer: ANYBODY HERE UNDERSTAND A FORD CAR?

All of them, together: I DO, SIR! I DO!

"ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN GO TO THE COOK-HOUSE AND TAKE TURNS CRANKING THE ICE-CREAM FREEZERS."

## Direct Testimony



LÉONIE LEROY,  
BABY 2579

THE contributions to the Baby Fund come from generous readers of LIFE who have been willing to act on our statement of the needs of the children.

Now we have a contribution from a reader in America who, as will be seen from this paragraph of the letter he sends, is giving his aid because he has known and seen some of the things we are trying to alleviate.

I served six months of the year 1917 as a driver of a truck in the French army on the Chemin des Dames front. Now I am curate of \_\_\_\_\_ Church, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_. I am spending my time trying to make the people of this community see conditions in France as I saw them, with the result that we have created a fund for the French kids, with the confidence that the same will reach one of the many babes I saw in rags, underfed and lousy. I turn to you because I think it time that the churches and church people recognize the magnificent work you have undertaken and are doing.

LIFE has received, in all, \$239,642.12, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,283,097.50 francs.



"MOTHER, DO YOU S'POSE THERE'S ANY USE IN ASKIN' GOD FOR A DOLL'S TEA-SET, OR IS HE 'CONOMIZIN', LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?"



THREE GENERATIONS OF THE GUILLON FAMILY WITH  
BABY 2604

In behalf of the babies we gratefully acknowledge from

"In memory of Mary Shawhan McDowell," Cynthia, Ky., for Baby No. 3011.....	\$73
"In memory of William Ross Adair," Kearney, Neb., for Baby No. 3012.....	73
Miss Hester E. Miller, Fairmont, W. Va., for Baby No. 3013.....	73
Helen W. Almy, North Evans, N. Y., for Baby No. 3014.....	73
Mrs. H. H. Hall, Jacksonville, Ill., for Baby No. 3015.....	73
Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, Mrs. Chas. R. Blood, Miss Myrtle V. Murray, Miss Mary E. Murray and Miss Mattie K. McComber, Sacramento, Cal., for Baby No. 3017.....	73
Mrs. C. H. Buckley, Tampico, Mexico, for Baby No. 3018.....	73
Elizabeth Ann Fullerton, Robert Fullerton, 3d, and James Davis Fullerton, Des Moines, Iowa, for Baby No. 3019.....	73
Captain and Mrs. Walter Victor Cotchett, Evanston, Ill., for Babies Nos. 3022 to 3030, inclusive.....	1,825
Clarkson Cowl, New York City, for Baby No. 3047.....	73
"F. P. S., Palmerton, Pa.," for Baby No. 3048.....	73
Maud E. Johnston and Alice M. Thornton, Cheyenne, Wyo., for Baby No. 3049.....	73.10
Mary Douglas Carpenter and Jane Hudson Carpenter, St. Louis, Mo., for Babies Nos. 3050 and 3051.....	146
Lieutenant Colonel Paul C. Galleher, France, for Baby No. 3052.....	73
Catharine Robb, Concord, Mass., for Baby No. 3053.....	73
Mrs. John B. Thomas, Baltimore, Md., for Baby No. 3054.....	73
Exchange.....	.25
RENEWALS: Mrs. H. F. Ross, Bangor, Me., \$73; Miss Anna D. Hubbell, Rochester, N. Y., \$73; Mrs. William H. Downey, Tenafly, N. J., \$73; "Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal., \$146; William F. Nufer, Pittsburgh, Pa., \$210; Mary and Wilson Wing, Bangor, Me., \$73; Winifred F. Irwin and Virginia W. Irwin, Quincy, Ill., \$73; Mrs. Louis H. Burr and Miss Amelia Josephine Burr, Englewood, N. J., \$73; "Ruth and Jack,"	





GERMAN GENTLEMAN AND HIS FAMILY TAKE A LITTLE OUTING

Riverton, N. I., \$73; Marion and Joan Bird, Salt Lake City, Utah, \$37.50; Brackett H. Clark, Halford R. Clark and Donald R. Clark, Rochester, N. Y., \$210; Catharine Robb, Concord, Mass., \$73; Mrs. John Little, Honolulu, H. T., \$3.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Colo., \$3; Guy U. Yarnell, Deslet, Mo., \$3; Mrs. E. P. Odeneal, Gulfport, Miss., \$10; Miss Mary Burruss, Atlanta, Ga., \$36.50; The Red Cross Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church of East Liverpool, Ohio, \$50; "Anonymous," Livingston, Ala., \$9; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$20.

BABY NUMBER 2002

Already acknowledged .....	\$26.89
Juan Paris, Jr., Maracaibo, Venezuela .....	5
"Anonymous," Butte, Mont. ....	2.50
Nelson P. Bonney, Norwich, N. Y. ....	6
	\$40.39

THE PLAN OF THE FRENCH BABIES' FUND

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the *Fraternité Franco-Américaine*, an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The *Fraternité* has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management.

Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. To those who are unable to contribute the whole seventy-three dollars at one time a child will be assigned under a pledge to complete this amount.

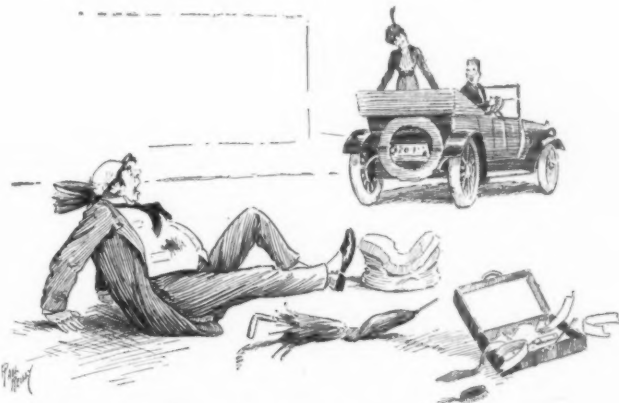
As fast as LIFE receives from the *Fraternité* the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.

Contributors wishing to correspond with the mothers should address them as "Mme. Veuve \_\_\_\_\_ (surname of the child)" at the town and department given. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

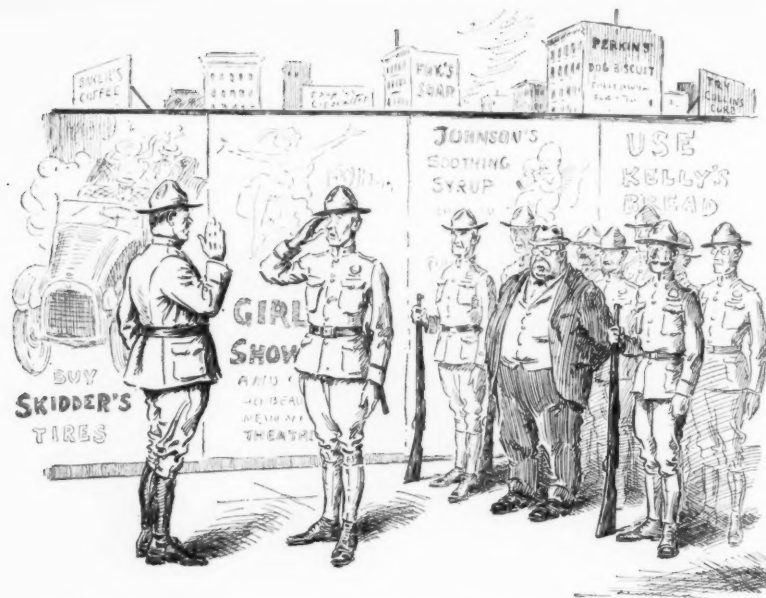
Contributors will be notified at the expiration of the two years, and be given opportunity to continue the support, if they so desire.

The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the *Fraternité* with no deduction whatever for expenses. Under the present regulations of the American Red Cross LIFE is unable to forward packages to the children. Gifts of money we can remit with other funds.

Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company. Owing to the large amount of detail work connected with the fund, contributions are acknowledged only through LIFE.



Soft-spoken Diplomat: YOU MUSTN'T BE TOO HARD ON AMOS. HE'S ONLY PRACTISING



Sergeant of the Home Guard: LIEUTENANT, WE HAVE ORDERS TO SHOOT THIS SPY, BUT WE CAN'T FIND A BLANK WALL

## No Middle Ground



**SCENE:** A railroad station. The ticket agent, impressed with the fact that he is now a government employee and therefore has no obligation to be polite, has, however, also been reading the order issued by Mr. McAdoo that, in spite of all this, courtesy must still prevail. He is wavering between the two points of view.

**TIRED CITIZEN:** What time does the next train leave for Baltimore?

**TICKET AGENT** (utterly ignoring his question, and for a moment paying no attention to him): Well?

**TIRED CITIZEN:** I say, what time does the next train leave for Baltimore?

**TICKET AGENT:** Ah, give us a rest. When it goes, of course. . . . Excuse me. What did you say?

*Tired Citizen repeats his question.*

**TICKET AGENT:** Go to—I beg your pardon, sir. It leaves at—Here (tossing him a time table), find out for yourself. . . . There you are, my friend—2:10.

**TIRED CITIZEN:** Would you mind letting me know what the fare is?

**TICKET AGENT:** Figure it out for yourself. What do you think I am? . . . Wait a minute, sir. I'll be glad to tell you.

**TIRED CITIZEN:** My friend, let me give you some advice: Don't be neutral. Let's kiss or fight.

**HUSBAND:** Do you mind, dear, on account of the war, cutting down by one-half the number of people we have for our week-ends?

**WIFE** (sweetly): Not if you say so, dearie; but I shall so miss seeing any of your friends.



IF SHE HAD HER WAY

## Oblivion

**O**BLIVION is the total eclipse that obscures Vice-Presidents after they are elected, débutantes after they get married, and politicians after they lose the labor vote. Much of our oblivion these days is "Made in Germany," yet Germany really doesn't seem to have enough to supply the pressing needs of some of her own first families. In fact, a careful glance around among the more-or-less notables anyone knows will serve to convince him that there is a serious shortage of oblivion throughout the whole so-called civilized world.

Conservation of oblivion is one of the measures that will no doubt be taken up by Mr. Hoover very shortly. It might even be necessary to withdraw a certain amount of oblivion from the chairman of our Committee on Public Information, although we assure you this step will be taken only as the very last resort.

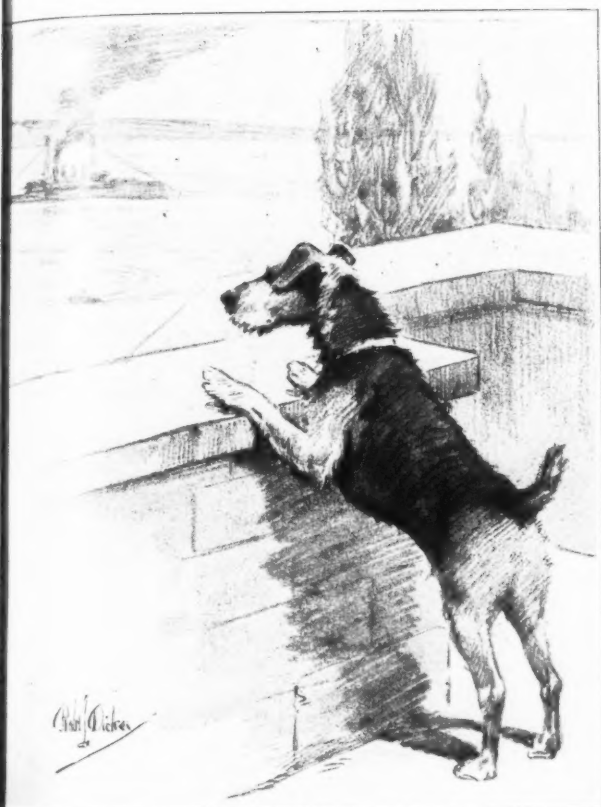
## The Lads We Love

**W**HERE are the lads we love,  
Jack and Tommy and Ted,  
Boys of the roundabout  
Whom we tucked in the trundle bed,  
Boys who with laugh and shout  
Made light of their youthful scars?  
They have all gone out;  
They have gone to the wars!

Where are the lads we love,  
Love as we loved of old  
When their locks were like tangled tow  
Or their heads seemed haloed with gold?  
Trim in khaki clad,  
Or in the blue of the tars,  
Virile, valorous, glad,  
They have gone to the wars!

Where are the lads we love?  
Picardy and Champagne,  
Hark to the tales they tell  
Of our fearless fighting strain!  
There are the lads we love  
Under the Stripes and Stars!  
God, bring them back again,  
They who have gone to the wars!

Clinton Scollard.



"A ship took him away, so a ship must bring him back"

## Exterminating the Germans

IN some of the papers of August 18th—the New York Times for one—are disclosed the sentiments of the Rev. George A. Griffith of Baltimore, said to be serving in France as chaplain of the Fifth Field Artillery, as to the need of exterminating the Germans. He thinks it must be done. He says, "There is not one of us here who does not want to see Boche-land devastated from one end to the other, with Berlin a blackened ruin, with the Boche exterminated, militarists and all, before we come home."

The course this reverend person advocates does not need to be preached in the United States. That Germany must be beaten to a standstill is obvious. That any let-up before she is so beaten would be wrong and mistaken seems also obvious. That the abominable cruelty with which the Germans have carried on war calls for punishment, and is now the greatest obstacle to a negotiated peace, is also true. But who would have the Allied troops conduct themselves in Germany as German troops behaved in Belgium and France and wherever else they have been? Who wants to read stories of wholesale violation of women, murder of non-combatants, destruction of historical monuments, mutilation, enslavement and the rest, by men of France, England and the United States?

There can be no reasonable objection to hanging some hundreds or thousands of the German war-masters who are responsible for this war, if they can be caught and tried. Officers who can be definitely connected with atrocities should be hung if they can be caught, and the guilt of many such German officers is well known. Where punishment will fit a definite crime there should be punishment, if possible, but wild cries for the extermination of the mass of Germans go for nothing. Nobody wants the job. We believe that there are not among the Allies men fit to carry out such orders as we know have been given by German officers to German soldiers, and obeyed.

Germany's punishment is sure. It has been going steadily on for four years, and will go through to the bitter end. It includes now the innocent and the guilty, the young and the old, the humble and the proud. The wretched German people, already bereaved, impoverished and half-starved, are beaten in this war. They see their sons and husbands and fathers killed or mutilated at the front, their older children running wild or drafted, their younger children stunted and ailing from under-nourishment, their old people dead or dying prematurely from the same cause. They have done all they could, given all they had, to put over a monstrous crime upon humanity, and they have failed, and now know, or soon will know, that the force exists, and is in plain sight, that will overwhelm them, and that from



First Profiteer: HE CALLED ME A PIOUS FRAUD.

"WELL, AREN'T YOU?"

"NOT ON YOUR GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS! NOWADAYS I'M A PATRIOTIC ONE."





*The Outlaw:* GENTS, EXCUSE ME BUTTIN' IN, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME YE COULD GIT A HEAP MORE PATRIOTISM INTO THIS HERE CEREMONY IF YEZ LET ME MAKE UP TO LOOK LIKE THE KAISER

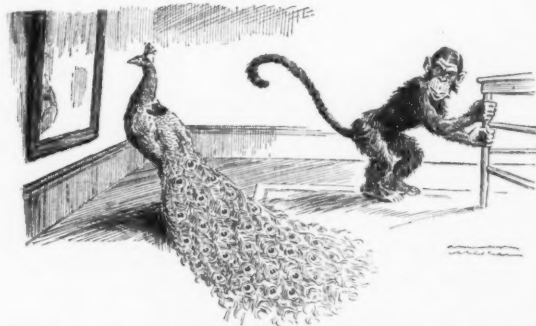
what is coming to them there is no escape, and they must take it. There is no use of talking extermination for a people in such a plight as that. Their worst enemies that they cannot escape are themselves and their appalling record.

Since they broke bounds four years ago, not anywhere they have been have they left friends behind (except as they bought them), but in all cases and countries passionate enemies. The people they have conquered hate them; their allies hate them; they hate one another. Coop them up, and shut down on their great industry of foreign pillage, and the chances are they will destroy and pillage one another. There is no need to exterminate the Germans. If bad blood, bad morality, bad teaching and bad leadership do not do the job, guns and gas will not do it, and it may as well be admitted that they are imperishable.

They have chosen evil to be their good; they have fed their souls on hatreds. Of that choice and that diet the fruit is death, and they will taste it abundantly. But they will neither be exterminated by the Allied soldiers nor all die miserably from the results of war, but as they survived the Thirty Years' War so they will survive this war, and possibly, if they really are incurable, do further mischief some future day.

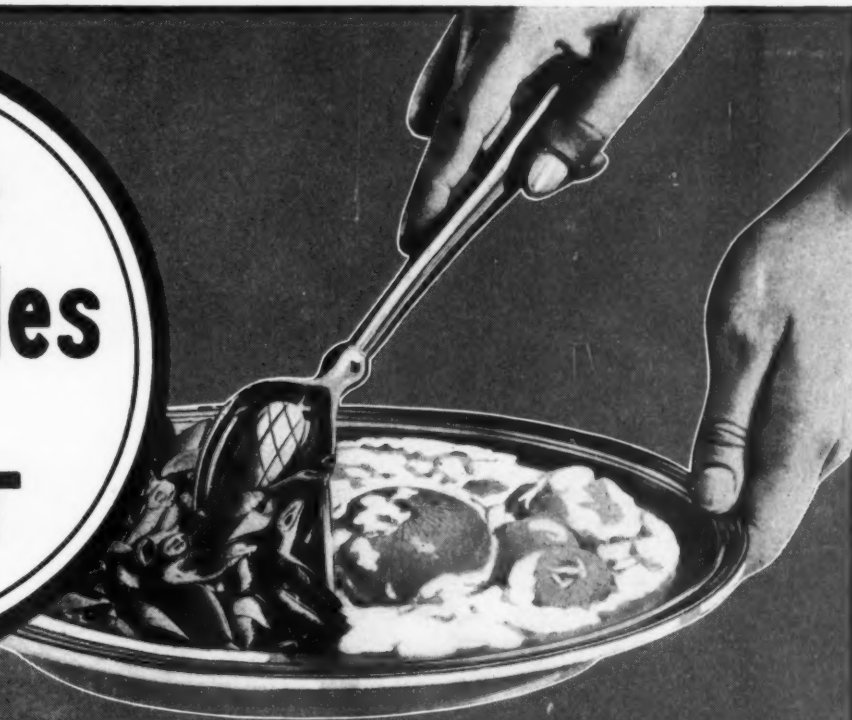
Kill their soldiers, beat down their defenses, crowd them back till they quit with all the lawful military punishment that course implies. Smash Essen; take Berlin; destroy the House of Hohenzollern. But as to exterminating the Germans—nonsense! It can't be done. The job is to provide them with a cure, so that those who are curable—if there are any—may be reclaimed.

E. S. M.



*Monk:* WHAT DO YOU SEE OUT THAT WINDOW THAT YOU LIKE SO MUCH? I THOUGHT THE VIEW WAS DEPRESSING

**More  
vegetables  
LESS  
MEAT**



**E**AT more vegetables—less meat. You'll feel better, and help the Government, besides.

Here are two you can't beat—new string beans, perfectly cooked in butter, and new creamed onions. You don't need meat.

How the cooking brings out their flavor! Cooking helps everything. Just try Lucky Strike Cigarette—it's toasted.

# LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

**It's  
toasted**

Save the tin-foil from Lucky Strike Cigarettes and give it to the Red Cross

**20  
for  
15c**



Guaranteed by

*The American Tobacco Co.*  
INCORPORATED



### Her Service Flag

"You bet I have a service flag,"  
Said Farmerette Miss Nan.  
"A million freckles, more or less,  
Upon a field of tan."

—Detroit News.

UNABLE SEAMAN: When I come to the surgeon 'e says to me, "I'm blooming sorry, mate, I don't know what I was thinking about," he says, "but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's inside yer."

"What's the odds?" I says. "Let it be." And there it is to this day. No, I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty."

—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

THE officer was lecturing the new recruits on the preventive measure for gas attacks and the necessity for the smart adjustment of helmets. "Remember," he said, "there are only two classes when the gas alarm is sounded—the quick and the dead."—Reedy's Mirror.



Prisoner: I WAS A POMERANIAN!  
"WELL, WELL! I'VE ALLUZ HEARD O' THEM  
DOGS, BUT I NEVER SAW ONE BEFORE."

### Homer Revised

The sixth-grade class in reading had followed Ulysses through several years of wandering. Then the teacher asked: "What was Penelope doing all this time?"

Louis answered, solemnly: "Well, every day she and her maids spun and wove all day; and every night Penelope raveled out all the cloth they had woven during the day. Finally she said to those suitors, 'I won't marry any of you fellows till I get this sweater done.'"

—Harper's Magazine.

### A Tangible Reward

"So you've given up drinking, have you, 'Rastus?'" said the grocer.

"Yes, sah," said the old fellow. "I ain't teched a drop in fo' weeks."

"Well, you deserve credit for that."

"Yes, sah; dat's jus' what I thinks, Mistah Brown. I was jus' gwine ter ax yo' if yo' cud trus' me fo' some groceries."—Boston Transcript.

"HURRAH! Five dollars for my latest story, 'A Modern Husband.'"

"Congratulations, young man! From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."—Santa Fe Magazine.

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It seats four, is very low built and has a double cowl and two windshields.

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TWENTY-ONE MILES TO MATRIMONY.

TWENTY-FIVE MILES TO SUCCESS.

SIXTY MILES TO DEATH'S TURNPIKE.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

YOUTH & VIGOR, INC.  
HEALTH GASOLINE.

DANGER!  
TEMPTATION AHEAD.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!  
DISSIPATION CROSSING.

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING  
MATRIMONY.  
SLOW DOWN.

TWELVE MILES TO SUCCESS.  
STEEP CLIMB—NARROW.

DETOUR TO AVOID POOR-  
HOUSE.  
WATCH OUT FOR ROUGH  
SPOTS.

BLUFFER'S GARAGE.  
FREE AIR.

WELCOME TO SUCCESS.  
TAKE IT EASY.

SECOND FLING SPEEDWAY  
CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.  
BEAR TO RIGHT.

SHARP CURVE OF MIDDLE AGE,  
SLIPPERY—LOOK OUT!

FIFTEEN MILES TO DEATH'S  
TURNPIKE.  
DOWN GRADE ALL THE WAY.

M. D. MENDERMAN.  
STOP FOR REPAIRS.

RIDICULE AHEAD!  
DETOUR RIGHT TO STRETCH  
OF OBSCURITY.

SECOND CHILDHOOD INN.  
SWEET MEMORY REFRESH-  
MENTS.

DEATH'S TURNPIKE.  
STOP AT TOLL GATE.  
*Edmund J. Kiefer.*



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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## Pledge

"I CROSS my heart and hope to die  
If I should ever, ever buy  
Another thing on which I see  
The trade-mark, "Made in Germany."  
—From dinner card at Kiwanis Club,  
St. Paul, Minn.

BESS: Never crosses a bridge till  
he comes to it, I suppose? 25186  
BELLE: Hardly—waits for the bridge  
to come to him, and then ducks under it!

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

F, G, C,



### Did Him No Harm

A clergyman was grieved to find his services for men were poorly attended. He expressed his regret to the verger one evening when, as usual, they were the only two at the meeting.

"I really think they ought to come," he said sadly.

"That's jest what I've sed to 'em over an' over again," said the verger, consolingly. "I sez to 'em: 'Look at me,' I sez; 'look at me, I goes to all them services,' I sez, 'an' wot 'arm does they do me?'"—*Presbyterian Advance*.

"I AM glad they moved away," remarked the good housewife, speaking of a family of borrowing neighbors who had just left the neighborhood.

"I was willing to lend them a loaf of bread occasionally, or half-a-dozen eggs, or the washboard, or the lemon-squeezer, but when they got down to sending the little girl over to borrow pennies to give the organ-grinder I began to think it was nearly time to draw the line."—*Tit-Bits*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

SHE: Did you know that Maude has a dark room on purpose for proposals?

HE: Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night.

—*London Tit-Bits*.

### Of Course

"Who's dead?" asked the stranger, viewing the elaborate funeral procession.

"It's the mayor," was the reply.

"So the mayor is dead, is he?" mused the stranger.

"Well, I guess," said the small boy, witheringly. "D'you think he's having a rehearsal?"—*The Argonaut*.

HE: And how are you getting on with your collecting for the soldiers?

SHE: Splendidly! I've had my name in the papers four times already.

—*Sidney Bulletin*.

## Itching Rashes

— Soothed —  
**With Cuticura**

All druggists; Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, Talcum 25¢.  
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

## BELL-ANS

**Absolutely Remove Indigestion.** One package proves it. 25c. at all druggists.

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you'll like

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& Tobacco



## The Passion for Deterioration

Adulteration is vexation;  
Short weightage is as bad.  
The kind of food  
That's just as good  
Should make us very mad.

NOBODY questions the simple advantages of sugar, milk, fruit and nuts. From milk come butter and cream. Fruit is a cheerful food. Sugar supplies heat, and nuts furnish fat. Nobody cares, however, to indulge in these substances in their perfection. The majority prefer them in some form of deterioration—the only stipulation being that they shall be accompanied by a certain amount of machinery, glitter and noise. Hence we have the soda-water fountain, where even the water is tampered with to make it attractive to artificial palates. To take a wineglass of real cream, eat a lump of sugar, drink a half glass of pure water, munch an English walnut and eat a dish of strawberries—what a solid refection! The nut sundae flourishes itself in the guise of these fundamentals! And we swallow it in preference!



"THE GERMANS ATTACKED WITHOUT THEIR GAS MASKS, AND WERE FORCED TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT."



W. L. DOUGLAS WAS PERMITTED TO ATTEND SCHOOL FOR SHORT PERIODS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS WHEN THERE WERE SLACK SPELLS IN THE WORK.

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"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

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FOR  
MEN  
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You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

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The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

**CAUTION**—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

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President W. L. DOUGLAS  
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## Baffling

Why should Mr. Wilson object to the return to Congress of Mr. Huddleston, who voted for the declaration of war, and acquiesce in the return of Mr. Burnett and Mr. Almon of the same state, who voted against it? Why is Mr. Huddleston, who voted against conscription, any more undesirable than Mr. Dent of Alabama, who voted the same way? What is "the acid test" which the President is applying to the Alabama delegation? Or what is there in the war record of Henry Ford which induces the President to draft him as the administration senatorial candidate in Michigan? What has Mr. Huddleston done, or failed to do, which differentiates him from other pacifists who still boast the President's favor?

It is idle to expect answers to these questions from the cuckoo

press or the Committee on Public Information, but the White House must have the information, and might well supply it for the benefit of what the *Times* describes as "a baffled public."—*Boston Transcript*.

IF our neighbor is looking for information from the White House on this mysterious problem, and expects to have it supplied before the war is over, then, indeed, he is an ultra-optimist.

THE Three Wise Men of Gotham were at sea in a bowl. They were totally oblivious to their danger because they were absorbed in reading their copies of LIFE, to which, being wise men, they were annual subscribers.

There's something about them you'll like—

**Herbert Tareyton**  
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**WOOLWORTH BUILDING NEW YORK CITY**

### Is This Coming?

NOW that Champ Clark has praised Theodore Roosevelt, it begins to look as if the bars are down. Why not the following:

"Yes," said Colonel George Harvey, "in spite of Secretary Baker's little pacifist errors, I consider him by far our greatest American."

"Mr. Hoover?" said Senator James A. Reed of Missouri. "A wonderful man! And always right—yes, always right!"

President Wilson smiled austerely as the name of Leonard Wood was mentioned. "A great general," he said; "perhaps the greatest the world has ever seen."

**PROSPECTIVE TENANT:** I like the rooms, but the view from the front windows is rather monotonous.

**SUPERINTENDENT:** Well, of course, mum, this is a flat, not one of them sight-seein' autos.—*Boston Transcript.*

### A Suggestion to Ludendorff

IT seems too bad that the German soldiers, when they are so busy, should have to spend so much time every day writing up those little diaries of theirs. Why doesn't some enterprising publisher issue a special blank book for them in which they could record their merrymakings in briefer entries? For instance:

*September 15*

Apple trees cut down.....  
Churches plundered.....  
Wine cellars decanted.....  
Hospitals bombarded.....  
Civilians terrified.....  
Rivers crossed (going east).....  
Rosner dispatches read.....  
Kaisers cursed.....  
American armies annihilated.....  
Booty sent home by parcel post.....  
Copies of Baedeker's "Paris"  
discarded as useless.....

Ultimate victories assured by

Ludendorff.....

If some such labor-saving device were adopted the German armies would have time to retreat much faster. Ludendorff's only reason for delaying is to allow his men time to keep their so indispensable diaries up to date.

*THE farmerette is never so happy as when, after a hard Tuesday's work in the open air, she settles down to enjoy her weekly copy of LIFE, to which she is, of course, being a sensible girl, an annual subscriber.*

### Buy from your GOLF PROFESSIONAL!

CLERKS in department stores don't help you improve your game but your pro does! Your professional relies upon the sale of golf supplies for a considerable part of his income. Buy from him; he deserves your patronage and he appreciates it.

### DUNLOP VAC GOLF BALLS

are sold by golf professionals everywhere. British-made by a special vacuum process these are the most perfectly spherical golf balls ever produced. They are magnificent for distance and their accuracy in the short game especially is incomparable.

"30" medium size, medium weight  
"29" small size, medium weight  
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\$1 each \$12 dozen

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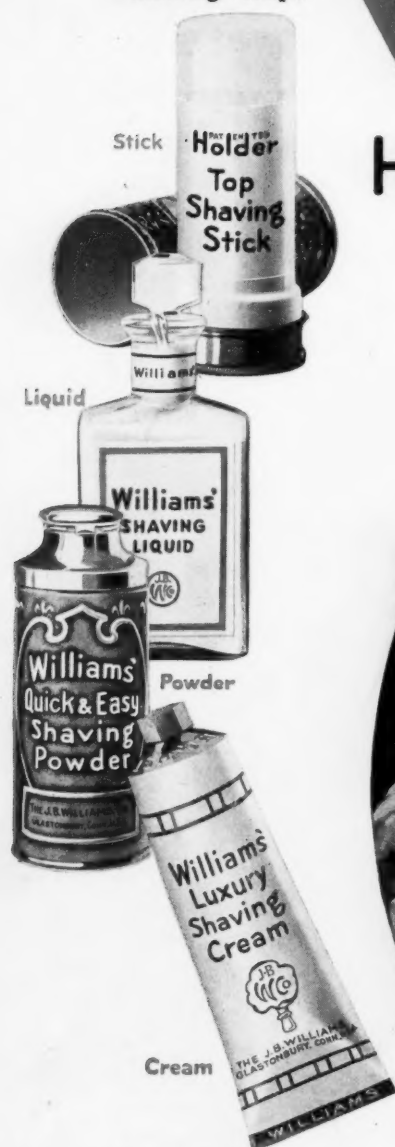
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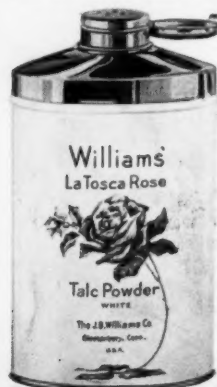
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**Holder Top Shaving Stick**



Send 20c. in stamps for trial size of the four forms shown here. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

**The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY**  
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c. for a trial size of the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.



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